Joabana and the Specter of Doofatanian Intervention

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Joabana and the Specter of Doofatanian Intervention

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Tensions in Joabana are peaking. Two women, Elena Castillo Flores and Adora Eros, have come together to debate this issue on public access television on a program hosted by a Latina woman, Amanda Lopez. Can they both keep their cool and debate this civilly, or will it descend into pandemonium? Furthermore, are Elena and Adora really foes of each other… or do they have a secret life they aren't telling their viewers…is this all just for show?

Notes

In this AU, Heinz Doofenshmirtz is the ruler of Doofatania, which includes the Tri-State Area, Quad-State Area, and every other state which constitutes the U.S. as we know it today. I chose two of my favorite characters (Adora and Elena) to debate with each other, because it would be fun. You really don't have to know Milo Murphy's Law at all, I included her because she was the only other Latina character that I knew of in a show that I recently watched. I also made up the last names of Adora and Catra, as I've used that last name before. This has a surprise ending. You don't need to know Violet Beauregarde, or Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory, I just added her in for fun.

Comments are welcome and appreciated. However, I will not accept the whims of certain people telling me I am "wrong" on this topic. Negative comments will not be published.

Update on 12/12/24: An updated version of this fic was posted on Squidge World. I have updated the text to that version. It was later posted on Wattpad and Quotev.

See the end of the work for more notes

The static from the television buzzed after a hand pressed a button. It turned the channel to DCT, otherwise known as Danville Community Television. A voice began speaking.

"Hello everyone! Welcome to *Lopez on Point*! I'm your host, Amanda Lopez. Today, we have two guests who represent different perspectives on the current situation in Joabana."

Clearing her throat, she continued. "We are doing this at the request of our loyal viewers, people like you," she said, smiling. The socially distanced crowd, all of whom had been vaccinated (and tested), and wore masks cheered. "AMANDA! AMANDA! AMANDA!"" they shouted enthusiastically, making her embarrassed.

"Thank you all. Today we are here to talk about a critical issue." She pointed to her two guests.

"We have with Adora Eros, director of the Progressive Joabana Liberation Institute, and a frequent guest, and chair of the Joabana Solidarity Coalition, Elena Castillo Flores!"

The crowd cheered once more. Lopez began to speak. "Ms. Eros, I'll let you go first."

Adora breathed deeply and began. She hoped to bring more people to her side and strengthen the "liberation movement" as she termed it.

"Well, Ms. Lopez, thanks for inviting me to the show. Joabana has nothing more than a horrid tyranny. Black Joabanans have no ability to express themselves. The foreign policy of Doofatania has damaged the country, but so has the government's repression!"

Elena shook her head. She couldn't get how someone who seemed so knowledgeable could be so ill-informed. She tried to be as gracious as she could before she began her ruthless criticism.

"While I appreciate Ms. Eros for noting how Doofatania has harmed the people of Joabana, is more extensive than she is acknowledging."

She explained why this is the case. "The country is really hurting now because of the pandemic, which created economic contractions, plus the blockade declared by President Doofenshmirtz to bring the country to its knees. Most countries of the world want it removed!"

Adora growled. She knew that Elena had a point. Even so, she also wanted to win this argument. She snickered.

"So, you admit they are in dire straits, then. Ha! We must listen to Black Joabanans in the front of these protests and hear their cries for help. We cannot let tyranny reign…the island is not a playground for political ideologues…and it is no paradise!"

She then shouted, "Free Joabana!" while sipping from her rum and coke, which she smuggled onto the stage. Amanda would have jumped in. She decided it would be better to just let them debate, while she watched like a spectator.

Sighing, Elena knew what she must do. She predicted that Adora's arguments on Joabana, with the main thrust that people should listen to Joabanans because they are "suffering." She knew what she had to do. She started picking away at Adora's argument.

"I am glad we both agree that the country is in a perilous place, but we have…different approaches. If you believe that Doofatania's foreign policy is such a disaster, then why are you passively promoting it? I don't get it."

To make her point even further, she added, "you know, Miss, Black Joabanans were at the head of protests on the island which favored its radical government…you little worm." This pushed Adora over the edge. How could someone call her a worm?

She wanted to angrily shout back, but Amanda interrupted. She told them why. "Commercial break." Adora felt relieved.

The ad began: "Ever wanted to chew gum and have bouncy shoes? Today you can have both, with the new gumshoes! They are made completely of material which you can chew in your mouth…and you can move across the ground like an astronaut."

A woman in a blue suit came onto the screen. "Hi, I'm Violet Beauregarde, CEO of Gumshoe Industries. I am known for holding the record for chewing a piece of gum for the longest time. I fully endorse this product."

The announcer then declared: "Get your gumshoes today…order now and get two gumshoes for the price of one! Call 1-800-GUMSHOE. Visit our store on Route 409 off the interstate in the Tri-State Area today!"

Amanda smiled as the camera pointed at Adora and Elena, who sat at a table but were more than 12 feet apart from each other. Amanda nodded, making it clear to them the camera was on. Adora made her response she wanted to make before the commercial break.

"Ms. Flores, how dare you call me that! You are just an apologist for repression." Elena chuckled once again. She didn't realize her opponent would be so thin-skinned. Couldn't she get over a simple word?

"I'm only jesting you, Ms. Eros…I'm no apologist. The Joabanan government could do more and stop opening the country to the market, something which some on the streets are protesting."

She continued, attempting to make her point even stronger. "The Joabanans in this country only care about themselves and taking power back, installing any tyrant they want…don't you forget who they were the reason Heinz Doofenshmirtz was elected?"

Adora couldn’t believe her ears. She knew that if she was associated with that person, she would lose further credibility. She had to distance herself. "

"I'd never say those people were in the right…those on Joabana have nothing to do with the past…or with him…they are sending out videos, asking for help…and you don’t care? You are heartless, Ms. Flores."

Saying something didn’t care about was one thing but calling someone heartless hit deep for Elena. She had to go through many hurdles and challenges to even become the head of the Joabana Solidarity Coalition. There were "allies" who cared about their pet causes rather than helping Joabanans, or flitted from one thing to another. So, this made her angrier than anything.

About to denounce Adora with forceful words, she remembered what her friend, and recent girlfriend, Naomi, had told her: control your emotions and remain calm in the face of danger. She followed that advice.

"I am not heartless, Ms. Eros, I only want what is best for the Joabanan people. I refuse to give the reactionary Joabanans in this country any credibility. Their opinions are worthless, and they are very hostile to people of color…why give them more power?"

Adora became so angry that she blurted out a world salad that made little sense. She tried to prove her credibility by mentioning what many people loved to hear: an origin story.

"There is nothing idyllic about Joabana. I know because those in my community, around me when I grew up, were refugees from there…the Doofatanian blockade has been harmful…but I still believe that Joabana is a police state…All I want is power for the people in Joabana!"

Elena shook her head once more. It surprised her that Adora would admit the harm of Doofatanian intervention.

She tried to make her point as plainly as she could. "I am glad you don't support the Doofatanian blockade or increased intervention, but how is overthrowing another government a positive? It will create a power vacuum and inevitable intervention from Doofatania. Ms. Eros, how is more Doofatanian action the solution something created Doofatania in the first place? That doesn't make a lick of sense!"

Adora began sweating. She never knew it would be this intense. She had run out of talking points. She meekly declared "we must watch what is happening in Joabana! They have all sorts of fugitives…the government is internally corrupt! This is a significant issue…it should not be ignored…and people who left there are escaping unspeakable terror."

She then regained her composure. She knew what she’d say next. "If the government of Joabana is overthrown, the international community needs to come in and ensure those fighting for freedom aren't getting another tyrant!"

Elena couldn't stand Adora's rambling for one more second. She grimaced. She had to push away Adora's argument.

"I don't know what you are saying. There is something simple Doofatania can do. Ending any restrictive measures. Letting the people of Joabana decide this on their own, without any intervention. Minding our own business. There are enough problems in this country, we don't need to meddle in the affairs of another one."

She then added, "we don't want Joabana to become a playground for the rich again."

Adora realized that she'd begun losing the debate. The audience remained hostile toward her, easily able to reject her arguments. She wanted to persevere. She promised her girlfriend, Catra Hernandez, that. She couldn't let her down. It wouldn't be right. She'd be betraying herself.

I cannot give up…not yet, she told herself. "We cannot dismiss the views of Black Joabanans and this abusive regime, which Joabanans have suffered through, must end. People are being beaten and killed…we need unity, not division."

She breathed deeply and prepared herself to make a big point, hoping she could rally the crowd's support. She tried to play to their sympathies.

"This situation is the best opportunity to stand with Joabanans here and across the world against the horrid tyranny…This is MY business…and it should be your business too!"

Elena realized that Adora had such a limited worldview that she could use that to her advantage in this debate. She chuckled.

"Ms. Eros, the whole Doofatanian apparatus is manufacturing a crisis on the island…and you know it."

Adora remained dumbfounded. She had run out of talking points. She knew that Elena had it right. So far, Doofatanian strategies had been successful and even weakened traditional solidarity for Joabana itself.

Whether radicals saw the island as oriented toward the populace as a whole and radical ideals, didn't matter to her. She only wanted to label the island as radical, guessing that it would be effective. She appreciated the new punitive sanctions imposed on the island. The hashtag calling for Doofatanian intervention across social media, increased by the day thanks to the distribution of propaganda leaflets across Doofatania.

She wanted nothing more than regime change. Despite Adora's deeply rooted dogma, Elena thought she could still win this debate. She laughed heartily.

"Doofatania has been meddling on the island for years, exploiting societal fissures… these protests are clearly astroturf."

Adora could say more, but she didn't know what to say. Elena's argument had been so strong, while Adora's argument had been nothing more than a flaming pile of garbage.

She grumbled.

"I have nothing more to say at this point. You clearly won the debate," Adora admitted.

Amanda could not be gladder that the debate had ended. She hoped that Adora wouldn't be on the show *ever* again, although she'd be fine with hosting Elena.

"Ms. Flores has won the debate! That is all for today's show. Thank you all for watching *Lopez on Point*. Hope you see you all next time."

Adora was exhausted. She had never debated anyone for that long, not even someone as beautiful and gracious as Elena. Adora and Elena both bowed. The curtain dropped.

Amanda shook Adora and Elena's hands. "Thanks so much for coming…both of you…I think we had a…lively debate."

Elena smiled. "Anything for you, Amanda! I hope your show gets some high ratings… from this whole thing."

Adora grinned, not knowing what to say. She only wanted to embrace her lover, a person *different* from her girlfriend, a reality that few people knew.

"Thanks for everything, Ms. Lopez," Adora remarked. Amanda didn't hear her. She was too busy chatting with her boyfriend, Milo, avoiding anything that could cause her injury.

Adora groused. "I'll be going…It was a pleasure to debate with you…Miss Flores," she said plainly. Elena snickered. "Whatever, Ms. Eros…I have to go home." Adora and Elena both went their separate ways.

Less than 30 minutes later, Adora fumbled around for her key and opened the door of the apartment. She sighed.

The whole debate had been a ruse between them, for fun. Many years ago, they had secretly married on Joabana, where same-sex marriage was no longer prohibited although not legally recognized (until recently). Both were proud how the island has overwhelmingly ratified a constitution and continued gradually opening the country to the world, with one measure of this constitution even banning discrimination against one's gender and sexual orientation.

Elena and Adora snuggled with each other. "You were so great out there tonight, 'Dora." She twirled her hair. She wasn't so sure.

"Are you certain? You really whooped me bad…and I came out looking like a fool…I mean you called me a worm!"

Elena stroked her wife's hair. They had diametrically different opinions, but that's why she loved her so much, and they had become involved with one another in the first place.

She wanted to make Adora feel better. "I was only messing with you…I wanted to rile up the crowd…I was surprised you actually agreed with what I was saying a little…if we wanna keep doing this, you have to tone that down…otherwise someone will suspect something."

Adora thought about this, as her head rested against Elena's bosom. She realized her wife had a point. Some agreement would be good. Too much would make it seem fake. Looking at her wife's head above her, she said, "you're right. I'll have to work on that."

Suddenly someone began knocking at the door. "Pizza Delivery!" the voice shouted. Elena and Adora looked at each other. Neither one of them had ordered any pizza, so they were suspicious. Elena turned on her phone and looked at her door cam.

The person knocking was none other than…Naomi. Elena rolled her eyes. She started to get up, but Adora begged her to not leave. "Can we stay like this…at least for a little longer?"

Unfortunately for them, Catra, who was tired by this, had a key. She began unlocking the door. Adora grumbled. "Oh brother, it's Catra…I should have NEVER given her a key."

As they entered the apartment, something made Elena shiver, and it caused Adora's head to land between her wife's boobs. She tried to take her head out of there, predicting the embarrassment, but it was... too late.

Catra saw this and howled with laughter. "You are really eating her up…Adora," she remarked. Shamefaced, she started to say something. Naomi jumped in to her girlfriend's defense. "Come on Catra, you don't have to make fun of her...she is doing her best…under the circumstances."

Remembering their secret arrangement, Catra felt like she had to agree with Naomi. "Fine. You know, it's hard to be *your* trophy girlfriend." Adora objected to that characterization. *She knew that Catra was more than that.*

"Really? I love you as much as I love Ele…me and Ele both have our wonderful girlfriends…and we are one big happy family, you know."

That was something that Catra couldn't argue with. Naomi stepped in to try and diffuse the tension. "I really do have a huge pizza that I ordered…a mix of things that we can all eat together."

"Ok, great! Just heat it up in the microwave…you know where." Elena added, putting her arm around Adora. They had lived there for many years. Each of them met Catra and Naomi separately. After they told Catra and Naomi about their secret marriage on the island, their girlfriends were OK with this, under the provision that they come out as a couple when they were married. It would be tough due to chauvinistic attitudes.

The plan was to immigrate to Joabana after economic and political conditions had improved, living out the rest of their lives there, together. Whether Catra and Naomi

would come, they hadn't decided. But they'd still be part of their lives, somehow.

As they all ate pizza together around the kitchen table, Adora thought of her life with Elena and their secret relationship. *Was it right to keep something this important a secret and to shroud it by having debates with each other on television? Or did circumstances of their relationship not really matter at all?* She wasn't sure. She really didn't know the answers to these questions.

She hoped she would figure out the answers with the help of her wife (Elena), her girlfriend (Catra), and Elena's girlfriend (Naomi). She thought that they should have closer relationships and a tighter poly throuple, rather than the loose close relationship that currently existed.

In any case, she'd only ask for that if she had the consent and agreement of everyone, because otherwise such an arrangement would never work. She stared at Elena intently, looking forward to a brighter day, one where they could be together openly, rather than in secret.

End Notes

The dialogue I made up for fun and it relates to an important issue (U.S. imperial blockade of Cuba), with "Joabana" as a stand-in for present-day Cuba, and "Doofatania" as a stand-in for the U.S. at the present. I wasn't originally going to make this a gay love story, but I thought a little about the ending of Irresistible, where two people from different sides come together in a strange romantic relationship. This isn't a romantic relationship like that, but it borrows the idea from that film. I think it is a perfect fit here. Furthermore, Elena and Adora would be so great for each other. I paired them together as friends in "The Battle for Avalor City and Elena's Uncertain Future" but this may be the first fic which brings them together romantically! I originally started this fic sometime in 2021 and then revised it in late December 2022. However, only recently I revised and improved it. Thinking about this now, I started this fic in part due to tweets from Aimee Carrerro (which have now been deleted) in which she expressed sympathy for reactionary protests in Cuba in 2021, and the fact that Carrerro voices Elena AND Adora. Also, it is grounded in my views of reactionary Cuban-Americans (primarily living in Florida), who are alluded to this work. Basically, the fic is informed by my own views on what is happening in Cuba and my feelings about the Cuban government.

Update #1: On 6/15/25, I decided to restrict comments on this fic to only registered users after receiving three spam comments. For those guest users who don't have accounts, I'm sorry but the spam accounts are to blame here.

Works inspired by this one

Elena, Adora, and the Secret Marriage in Bana City by lefemmerouge2

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